PIETRO MASCAGNI

Cavalleria Rusticana

(RUSTIC CHIVALRY)

MELODRAMA IN ONE ACT.

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BY
G. TARGIONI-TOZZETTI & G. MENASCI.

ENGLISH VERSION
BY
FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY.

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E. ASCHERBERG & CO, 46, Berners Street, London, W.

CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA

(RUSTIC CHIVALRY)

HENDERSON & SPALDING, PRINTERS,
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ARGUMENT.

The scene of the story is laid in Sicily; the time, Easter morning.

TURIDDU, a young peasant son of LUCIA, on his return from military service finds that his sweetheart LOLA has married ALFIO a prosperous village carrier. In pique, he woos and seduces SANTUZZA. Thereupon LOLA's love revives and she takes TURIDDU once more to her heart. When the action commences, the curtain is down and TURIDDU sings from behind by way of prelude to the story, a song to LOLA, avowing the love which guides him once more to her side, and hinting at some dark shadow which lies upon her path and his.

The curtain rises to the song of peasants coming from their early toil to keep the Easter festival. SANTUZZA, burning with jealous fears enters and questions LUCIA as to TURIDDU's movements, and tells her that though her mother heart believes that her son has gone for wine to the neighbouring Francofonte, he has in fact never left the village. Upon Santuzza's misery, and the mother's newly-roused suspicions, ALFIO breaks in, returning with his team, and singing a song of his hard but jovial life, and of his happy faith in his pretty LOLA. His joy is but momentary for the mention by LUCIA of TURIDDU's name reminds him that he had seen him only that morning lurking by his cottage. But SANTUZZA will not betray her faithless lover, and bids LUCIA be silent. Then from the church comes the sound of the mass, and the villagers, assembling in the square, sing their Easter anthem, and all pass in together. Left alone with LUCIA, SANTUZZA tells the miserable story, how TURIDDU had won her love and taken her honour, and then had gone back to his old love LOLA. At this moment TURIDDU enters, looking no doubt for LOLA, and certainly little pleased to find SANTUZZA. She reproaches and implores him in turn. But he will not relent. LOLA's love is all he wants. SANTUZZA is nothing to him. As if to emphasise the bitterness of the blow, LOLA is heard singing outside, and presently enters, only to banter TURIDDU and mock at SANTUZZA. TURIDDU infuriated at LOLA's mockery, which he attributes to SANTUZZA's presence, bids her leave him, turns a deaf ear to her prayers and reproaches, and when she clings to him flings her to the ground, and leaving her senseless on the steps of the church enters in pursuit of LOLA.

As SANTUZZA recovers herself, she finds ALFIO near her, and maddened by TURIDDU's cruelty she tells the husband of his wife's dishonour, and of TURIDDU's betrayal of herself. ALFIO in some degree prepared, vows vengeance on the guilty pair.

After a short pause, during which the stage remains empty, the villagers come from the church, LOLA and TURIDDU amongst them, and as they all crowd round him he sings with reckless gaiety a drinking song, and pledges LOLA in a cup, to which she, as recklessly responds. This is the moment chosen for the return of the injured husband. He enters with set face, and though he greets his friends it is evident to all that some terrible deed is preparing. So, when TURIDDU bids him drink with him, ALFIO indignantly refuses the invitation. A cup from the hand of TURIDDU would be a poisoned one. LOLA knows all is discovered, and is terrified at what is coming. The women whisper together and lead her away. Then follows the challenge by ALFIO to TURIDDU, given according to local custom by biting the left ear; and ALFIO goes out to the appointed meeting place. After a heart-broken farewell to his mother, and one touch of remorse in which he bids her guard "SANTUZZA whom he has betrayed," TURIDDU follows his adversary. The fight is soon over. SANTUZZA who has just heard what has happened rushes to LUCIA to ask for her lover. The only answer is the cry of the frightened women "TURIDDU is killed! TURIDDU is killed!"

Thus "Village Honour" is satisfied, and the curtain falls upon the fainting forms of LUCIA and SANTUZZA.

F. E. W.

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PERSONAGGI

SANTUZZA . . . . . *Soprano*
LOLA . . . . . *Mezzo Soprano*
TURIDDU . . . . . *Tenore*
ALFIO . . . . . *Baritono*
LUCIA . . . . . *Contralto*

Coro di Contadini e Contadine. — Coro interno.

Il presente melodramma è tolto dalle scene popolari omonime di G. Verga.

CHARACTERS

SANTUZZA, betrothed to Turiddu	*Soprano*
LOLA, wife of Alfio	*Mezzo Soprano*
LUCIA, mother of Turiddu . . .	*Contralto*
TURIDDU, a young soldier . .	*Tenor*
ALFIO, a teamster	*Baritone*

Chorus of Villagers.

ATTO UNICO

La scena rappresenta una piazza in un paese della Sicilia — Nel fondo, a destra, chiesa con porta praticabile. — A sinistra, l'osteria e la casa di Mamma Lucia. — È il giorno di Pasqua.

(A sipario calato.)

TURIDDU.

O Lola c'hai di latti la cammisa
si bianca e rusa comu la cirasa,
quannu t'affacci fai la vucca a risa,
biatu pi lu primu cu ti vasa!
Ntra la puorta tua lu sangu è spasu,
ma nun me mpuorta si ce muoru accisu...
e si ce muoru e vaju 'n paradisu
si nun ce truovo a ttia, mancu ce trasu.

RUSTIC CHIVALRY.

The action is laid in a Village in Sicily.
Scene: A square, with church at back, on the right. Inn and cottage of Lucia on the left.
Time: Easter morning.

PRELUDE.

(*The curtain is down.*)

TURIDDU (*from behind*).

O Lola! pretty one, white as the thorn love;
Red as the rose thy cheeks, fair as the morn, love
Ah, for that heart of thine, loving and tender,
Life, soul, and all that is mine, here I surrender.
Dark though the shadows be over thy portal,
Bodeth it good or ill, love is immortal;
So when I die at last, may we not sever,
Heav'n would be where thou art, then and for ever!

(*The curtain rises. The stage is empty.*)

SCENA PRIMA.

Coro.

DONNE (*di dentro*).

Gli aranci olezzano
sui verdi margini,
cantan le allodole
tra i mirti in fior;
tempo è si mormori
da ognuno il tenero
canto che i palpiti
raddoppia al cor.

UOMINI (*di dentro*).

In mezzo al campo tra le spiche d'oro
giunge il rumore delle vostre spole;
noi stanchi riposando dal lavoro
a voi pensiamo, o belle occhi-di-sole.
O belle occhi-di-sole, a voi corriamo,
come vola l'augello al suo richiamo.

(*Il coro entra in iscena.*)

DONNE.

Cessin le rustiche
opre: la Vergine
serena allietasi
del Salvator:
tempo è si mormori
da ognuno il tenero
canto che i palpiti
raddoppia al cor.

UOMINI.

In mezzo al campo tra le spiche d'oro
giunge il rumore, ecc. ecc.

(*Il coro traversa la scena ed esce.*)

SCENA II.

Santuzza *e* **Lucia.**

SANTUZZA (*entrando*).

Dite, mamma Lucia...

LUCIA (*sorpresa*).

Sei tu?... che vuoi?

CHORUS OF WOMEN (*outside*).

Sweetly the birds in the myrtles are carolling,
Bright gleam the orange flow'rs, citron, and bay,
Ah, golden time of spring,
When life and love are gay,
When all our hearts sing
Ever a joyous lay!

(*The women enter.*)

CHORUS OF MEN (*outside*).

Across the field we hear your happy voices,
Afar we catch your busy spindles humming;
And, listening, every heart with love rejoices,
As home to you with joyous feet we're coming!
O Love, thou star of our being! Hearts that we worship,
As the eagles fly homeward, to you we're coming!

(*The men enter.*)

WOMEN.

Toil ye no longer this morning.
'Tis Easter the pure and blest,
Madonna bids you to rest!

Enter SANTUZZA *and* LUCIA.

SANTUZZA.

Tell me, Mother Lucia—

LUCIA.

What then? What wilt thou?

SANTUZZA.

Turiddu ov'è?

LUCIA.

Fin qui vieni a cercare
il figlio mio?

SANTUZZA.

Voglio saper soltanto,
perdonatemi voi, dove trovarlo.

LUCIA.

Non lo so, non lo so, non voglio brighe!

SANTUZZA.

Mamma Lucia, vi supplico piangendo,
fate come il Signore a Maddalena,
ditemi per pietà, dov'è Turiddu...

LUCIA.

È andato per il vino a Francofonte.

SANTUZZA.

No!...l'han visto in paese ad alta notte...

LUCIA.

Che dici?...se non è tornato a casa!
(*avviandosi all'uscio di casa*)
Entra...

SANTUZZA (*disperata*).

Non posso entrare in casa vostra...
Sono scomunicata!

SANTUZZA.

Where is Turiddu?

LUCIA.

And why com'st thou
To ask me where my son is?

SANTUZZA.

Ah, be not angry, Mother.
'Tis all I ask thee. Where is Turiddu?

LUCIA.

I know not.
Why wilt thou trouble me?

SANTUZZA.

Mother Lucia, on my knees I implore thee;
As our Lord was of old to Magdalenè,
So be thou kind to me! Tell me, I implore thee,
Where is Turiddu?

LUCIA.

He went last night for wine to Francofonte.

SANTUZZA.

Nay, last night in the village here they saw him.

LUCIA.

What say you? Has he perchance returned?
(*Going towards her cottage, and pointing.*)
Enter!

SANTUZZA (*shrinking back*).

Into your house I dare not enter!
I, who am accursed!

LUCIA.

E che ne sai
del mio figliuolo?

SANTUZZA.

Quale spina ho in core!

SCENA III.

Alfio, Coro e Dette.

ALFIO.

Il cavallo scalpita,
i sonagli squillano,
schiocca la frusta. — Ehi là! —
Soffii il vento gelido,
cada l'acqua e nevichi,
a me che cosa fa?

CORO.

O che bel mestiere
fare il carrettiere
andar di qua e di là!

ALFIO.

M'aspetta a casa Lola
che m'ama e mi consola,
ch'è tutta fedeltà.
Il cavallo scalpiti,
i sonagli squillino,
è Pasqua, ed io son qua!

CORO.

O che bel mestiere
fare il carrettiere
andar di qua e di là

LUCIA.

What of my son, then,
Have you to tell me?

SANTUZZA.

Ah, my heart is broken!

The sound of horses' feet and bells is heard from without
Then enter ALFIO *and Chorus.*

ALFIO.

Gaily go my horses fleet,
Jingling bells and tramping feet—
Who's for the road, So-ho!
Though my back is white with snow,
Rain may beat and tempest blow,
Never a care I know.
While I gaily sing my song,
As my waggon rolls along—
Who's for the road, Ho-la!

CHORUS.

Oh, the jolly life, boys,
Free from care and strife, boys,
To drive your team along!
Hey for the road, boys! &c.

ALFIO.

So wheresoe'er I roam,
My wife keeps watch at home,
Tender and true is she—
Her heart's my sweetest treasure,
Her love my brightest pleasure,
She's all the world to me.
So I gladly sing my song,
As I drive my team along—
Then who's for the road, Ho-la!

CHORUS.

Oh, the jolly life, boys, &c.

LUCIA.

Beato voi, compar Alfio, che siete
sempre allegro così!

ALFIO.

Mamma Lucia,
n'avete ancora di quel vecchio vino?

LUCIA.

Non so; Turiddu è andato a provvederne.

ALFIO.

Se è sempre qui!—L'ho visto stamattina
vicino a casa mia.

LUCIA (*sorpresa*).

Come?

SANTUZZA (*rapidamente*).

Tacete.

(*dalla Chiesa odesi intonare l'alleluja*).

ALFIO.

Io me ne vado, ite voi altri in chiesa. (*esce*)

CORO INTERNO (*dalla Chiesa*).

Regina cœli, lætare — Alleluja!
Quia, quem meruisti portare — Alleluja!
Resurrexit sicut dixit — Alleluja!

CORO ESTERNO (*sulla piazza*).

Inneggiamo, il Signor non è morto,
Ei fulgente ha dischiuso l'avel,
inneggiamo al Signore risorto
oggi asceso alla gloria del ciel!

(*il Coro esce lentamente*).

LUCIA (*to* ALFIO).

Ah, my friend, you are happy
To be always so gay.

ALFIO (*gaily*).

Mother Lucia,
Have you no more of that old wine of yours?

LUCIA.

No—no. Turiddu has gone to buy some more

ALFIO.

He's always here! 'Twas but this morn I saw him
Beside my cottage lurking.

LUCIA (*with surprise*).

How so?

SANTUZZA (*aside to her*).

Be silent!

(*Singing is heard from the Church.*)

(LUCIA *points to the Church.*)

ALFIO (*shaking his head*).

I am not going. Say ye your prayers
Without me.

[*Exit*

CHORUS (*within the Church*).

Regina cœli, lætare,
Alleluia!
Quia quem meruisti portare,
Alleluia!
Resurrexit, sicut dixit,
Alleluia!

CHORUS (*of people in the Square*).

O rejoice that the Lord has arisen!
He has conquered the power of the grave.
He has broken the gate of His prison
He has risen in glory to save!

SCENA IV.

Lucia *e* **Santuzza.**

LUCIA.

Perchè m'hai fatto segno di tacere?

SANTUZZA.

Voi lo sapete, o mamma, prima d'andar soldato
Turiddu aveva a Lola eterna fè giurato.
Tornò, la seppe sposa; e con un nuovo amore
volle spegner la fiamma che gli bruciava il core:
m'amò, l'amai. Quell' invida d'ogni delizia mia,
del suo sposo dimentica, arse di gelosia...
Me l'ha rapito. Priva dell'onor mio rimango:
Lola e Turiddu s'amano, io piango, io piango, io piango!

LUCIA.

Miseri noi, che cosa vieni a dirmi
in questo santo giorno?

SANTUZZA.

Io son dannata...
Andate, o mamma, ad implorare Iddio,
e pregate per me. — Verrà Turiddu,
vo' supplicarlo un' altra volta ancora!

LUCIA (*avviandosi alla chiesa*).

Ajutatela voi, Santa Maria! (*esce*)

SCENA V.

Santuzza *e* **Turiddu.**

TURIDDU.

Tu qui, Santuzza?

SANTUZZA.

Qui t'aspettavo.

(*All enter the Church except* LUCIA *and* SANTUZZA.)

LUCIA.

Why gav'st thou me that token to be silent?

SANTUZZA.

Mother, you know the story? Ere he to war departed
Turiddu swore to Lola ever to be true-hearted—
Through days and years, through hopes and fears,
True-hearted!
He came! but she was wedded. Know you the tale,
dear mother?
To a new love he turned him—thus to forget the other
He loved me! I loved him! I love him still!
They met again! Then with the old love waking,
All her vows forsaking, wild in her jealous madness,
She stole my lover, and all my gladness!
Why, ah why should I live, then?—Honour and love
departed!
Lola is now his love again, and I—am broken-hearted!

LUCIA.

Ah, my poor Santa! is this the news you tell me upon
this holy Easter?

SANTUZZA.

Go then, sweet Mother, and lift a prayer to heaven;
Say a pray'r too for me!
Here comes Turiddu!
Then let me pray yet once again for pity,
If not for love, one last sweet pray'r for pity.

LUCIA (*going towards the Church*).

O thou Mother of Sorrows, have mercy upon her
[*Exit*

TURIDDU (*entering*).

What now, Santuzza?

SANTUZZA.

For thee I'm waiting.

TURIDDU.

È Pasqua, in chiesa non vai?

SANTUZZA.

Non vo
Debbo parlarti...

TURIDDU.

Mamma cercavo

SANTUZZA.

Debbo parlarti...

TURIDDU.

Qui no! Qui no!

SANTUZZA.

Dove sei stato?

TURIDDU.

Che vuoi tu dire?...
A Francofonte!

SANTUZZA.

No, non è ver!

TURIDDU.

Santuzza, credimi...

SANTUZZA.

No, non mentire
ti vidi volgere giù dal sentier.
E stamattina, all'alba, t'hanno scôrto
presso l'uscio di Lola.

TURIDDU.

Ah! m'hai spiato!

TURIDDU (*pointing to the Church*).
'Tis Easter! Why go you not yonder?

SANTUZZA.
I cannot!
Wilt thou not hear me?

TURIDDU.
Where is my mother?

SANTUZZA.
Wilt thou not hear me?

TURIDDU (*hastily*).
Not here! not here!

SANTUZZA.
Where hast thou come from?

TURIDDU.
Why dost thou ask me?
—From Francofonte.

SANTUZZA.
Nay, it is false!

TURIDDU.
Santa! I swear to thee——

SANTUZZA.
Nay, but thou liest!
With mine own eyes I have seen thee last night,
And at this very dawn thou wast seen stealing
From the cottage of Lola!

TURIDDU.
Ah, wast thou spying?

SANTUZZA.

No, te lo giuro. A noi l'ha raccontato
Compar Alfio, il marito, poco fa.

TURIDDU.

Così ricambii l'amor che ti porto?
Vuoi che m'uccida?

SANTUZZA.

Oh! questo non lo dire..

TURIDDU.

Lasciami dunque, invan tenti sopire
il giusto sdegno colla tua pietà.

SANTUZZA.

Tu l'ami dunque?

TURIDDU.

No...

SANTUZZA.

Assai più bella
è Lola.

TURIDDU.

Taci, non l'amo.

SANTUZZA.

L'ami...
Oh! maledetta!

TURIDDU.

Santuzza?

SANTUZZA.

Quella
cattiva femmina ti tolse a me!

SANTUZZA.

I swear I spied not. The news was just now told me
By the husband of her—who is—thy love!

TURIDDU.

Is this thy love for the love that I gave thee?
Wouldst thou kill me?

SANTUZZA.

Ah, say not that, Turiddu!

TURIDDU.

Go then and leave me! In vain thou strivest
To change my anger and my scorn.

SANTUZZA.

You know you love her!

TURIDDU.

No!

SANTUZZA.

So sweet is she, and lovely.

TURIDDU.

Silence! I love her not!

SANTUZZA.

You love her! And I—I curse her

TURIDDU.

Santuzza!

SANTUZZA.

Yes, that accursed wife
Hath stolen thy heart from me!

TURIDDU.

Bada, Santuzza, schiavo non sono
di questa vana tua gelosia!

SANTUZZA.

Battimi, insultami, t'amo e perdono,
ma è troppo forte l'angoscia mia.

SCENA VI.

Lola *e* DETTI.

LOLA (*dentro alla scena*).

Fior di giaggiolo,
gli angeli belli stanno a mille in cielo,
ma bello come lui ce n' è uno solo.
(*entrando*)
Oh! Turiddu... È passato Alfio? (*sarcastica*)

TURIDDU.

Son giunto
ora in piazza. Non so... (*impacciato*)

LOLA.

Forse è rimasto
dal maniscalco, ma non può tardare.
(*ironica*)
E...voi...sentite le funzioni in piazza?...

TURIDDU.

Santuzza mi narrava...

SANTUZZA (*tetra*)

Gli dicevo
che oggi è Pasqua e il Signor vede ogni cosa!

TURIDDU.

Hear me, Santuzza—vain is thy pleading,
Thou wilt not turn me, thou wilt not move me.

SANTUZZA.

Spurn me, then—scorn me, then, cold and unheeding;
Yet I forgive thee—still I shall love thee!

(LOLA *is heard singing outside.*)

LOLA.

O gentle flow'r of gold,
Close to my beating heart I hold thee, dreaming,
Heav'n has no flow'r above so sweetly gleaming!

O gentle flow'r of love,
Close to my burning lips I feel thee lying,
Ever the same sweet words of old replying!

O gentle flow'r of love,
Heav'n has a thousand stars of gold above me.
I ask but one in all the world to love me,
O gentle flow'r of love!

LOLA (*entering*).

Ah, Turiddu! Tell me, where is Alfio?

TURIDDU.

I cannot tell thee. I know not.

LOLA.

May be he lingers at yonder smithy.
He soon will be coming.
(*ironically*) And you—is *this* the place for your devotion?

TURIDDU (*confused*).

Santuzza here was saying—

SANTUZZA.

Yes, I said to-day was Easter,
And that our Lord all hearts beholdeth

LOLA (*c. s.*).

Non venite alla messa?

SANTUZZA (*tetra*).

Io no, ci deve
andar chi sa di non aver peccato.

LOLA.

Io ringrazio il Signore e bacio in terra!

SANTUZZA (*ironica*)

Oh! fate bene, Lola!

TURIDDU.

Andiamo! andiamo!
Qui non abbiam che fare.

LOLA (*ironica*).

Oh! rimanete!

SANTUZZA (*a Turiddu*).

Sì, resta, resta, ho da parlarti ancora!

LOLA.

E v'assista il Signore; io me ne vado.

(*entra in chiesa*)

SCENA VII.

Santuzza e Turiddu.

TURIDDU (*irato*).

Ah! lo vedi, che hai tu detto?...

SANTUZZA.

L'hai voluto, e ben ti sta.

LOLA (*pointing to the Church*).

Why go you not yonder?

SANTUZZA.

Ah, nay! They only pray
Whose hearts are pure and stainless.

LOLA.

Then thanks be to Heav'n! Heav'n will watch o'er me.

SANTUZZA (*ironically*).

Ah, you are holy—you are pious, Lola!

TURIDDU (*to* LOLA).

Come Lola, come. Why do we tarry longer?

LOLA (*shaking him off*).

Stay—with your lover!

SANTUZZA (*to* TURIDDU).

Turiddu,
Stay then! I have so much to tell thee.

LOLA (*ironically*).

Let me give you my blessing, my pretty lovers!

[*Exit* LOLA *into the Church*

TURIDDU.

So thou seest what thou hast done.

SANTUZZA.

It was thyself. 'Tis well. So be it.

TURIDDU (*le s'avventa*).

Ah! perdio!

SANTUZZA.

Squarciami il petto...

TURIDDU (*s'avvia*).

No!

SANTUZZA (*trattenendolo*).

Turiddu, ascolta!

TURIDDU.

Va!

SANTUZZA.

No, no, Turiddu — rimani ancora,
abbandonarmi — dunque tu vuoi?

TURIDDU.

Perchè seguirmi — perchè spiarmi
sul limitare — fin della chiesa?

SANTUZZA.

La tua Santuzza — piange e t'implora;
Come cacciarla — così tu puoi?

TURIDDU.

Va, ti ripeto — va non tediarmi,
pentirsi è vano — dopo l'offesa!

SANTUZZA (*minacciosa*).

Bada!...

TURIDDU (*as if about to strike her*).
By heaven!

SANTUZZA.
Spare me not—slay me!

TURIDDU (*restraining himself*).
No!

SANTUZZA (*clinging to him*).
Turiddu—hear me!

TURIDDU (*casting her off*).
Hence!

SANTUZZA.
Stay, stay, Turiddu! Why art thou so cold and unheeding?
Ah, take me back to thy heart once more!

TURIDDU.
Nay! all is over. Vain is thy pleading!
Why wilt thou keep me? I love thee no more!

SANTUZZA.
Love! see I implore thee,
Low at thy feet I kneel.
See how I love thee! how I adore thee!
Hast thou no heart to feel?

TURIDDU.
Nay! all is over. Vain is thy pleading!
My heart is steel—my heart is steel!

SANTUZZA.
Turiddu, hear me! List to my calling!
See my tears falling!

TURIDDU.
Go—go and leave me. Seek not to move me,
Vainly you love me.
What has been said can ne'er be unspoken.

SANTUZZA.
My heart is broken!
Stay, stay, Turiddu! Why art thou so cold and unheeding?
&c., &c.
(*threatening*).
Beware

TURIDDU.

Dell'ira tua non mi curo!
(*la getta a terra e fugge in chiesa*)

SANTUZZA (*nel colmo dell'ira*).

A te la mala Pasqua, spergiuro!

SCENA VIII.

Santuzza *e* **Alfio.**

SANTUZZA.

Oh! il Signore vi manda, compar Alfio!

ALFIO.

A che punto è la messa?

SANTUZZA.

È tardi omai
Ma per voi, Lola è andata con Turiddu!

ALFIO.

Che avete detto?

SANTUZZA.

Che mentre correte
all'acqua e al vento a guadagnarvi il pane,
Lola v'adorna il tetto in malo modo!

ALFIO.

Ah! nel nome di Dio, Santa, che dite?

SANTUZZA.

Il ver. Turiddu mi tolse l'onore,
e vostra moglie lui rapiva a me!

TURIDDU.

Rage on! I care not for thine anger.

(*He throws her from him, and rushes into the Church.*)

SANTUZZA (*bitterly*).

Curst be thine Easter, thou traitor!

(*She falls exhausted.*)

Enter ALFIO.

SANTUZZA (*recovering*).

Ah! 'tis the Lord who hath sent thee, Master Alfio!

ALFIO (*calmly*).

Have they finished their prayers then?

SANTUZZA.

Yes—they have finished.
Come, then, listen. . . . Lola betrays thee for Turiddu!

ALFIO (*astonished*).

What dost thou tell me?

SANTUZZA.

That while thou wast driving
In storm and tempest,
Toiling and moiling,
Lola has brought thy happy home dishonour!

ALFIO.

Ah, Santa—by Heaven! tell me what mean you?

SANTUZZA.

Tis true! Turiddu hath stolen mine honour,
And thy false wife hath stolen his heart from me.

ALFIO.

Se voi mentite, vo' schiantarvi il core!

SANTUZZA.

Uso a mentire il labbro mio non è!
Per la vergogna mia, pel mio dolore,
la trista verità vi dissi, ahimè!

ALFIO.

Comare Santa, allor grato vi sono.

SANTUZZA.

Infame io son che vi parlai così!

ALFIO

No, giusta siete stata, io vi condono:
in odio tutto l'amor mio finì....
Infami loro; ad essi non perdono;
vendetta avrò pria che tramonti il dì. (*escono*)

SCENA IX.

Tutti escono di chiesa, Lucia *traversa la scena ed entra in casa,* Lola, Turiddu *e* Coro.

UOMINI.

A casa, a casa, amici, ove ci aspettano
le nostre donne, andiam.
Or che letizia rasserena gli animi
senza indugio corriam. —

DONNE.

A casa, a casa, amiche, ove ci aspettano
i nostri sposi, andiam.
Or che letizia rasserena gli animi
senza indugio corriam.

(*il Coro si avvia*)

ALFIO.

If thou liest, Santuzza, I swear to kill thee.

SANTUZZA.

Ah, nay! My lips would not deceive thee.
'Tis but the truth I say.
By all this shame of mine, by all my sorrow,
It is the truth, the bitter truth, I tell thee.

ALFIO.

Sweet Mistress Santa, one day I will thank thee!

SANTUZZA.

Ah, wretched I, that told thee all thy woe!

ALFIO.

Ah, faithless traitors, my heart is broken!
His doom is spoken!
Ere day is done, his blood shall flow.

SANTUZZA.

What have I said? What have I done?

ALFIO.

By all my shame I swear it—
My love is turned to bitter hate,
Or e'er the stars in Heav'n may shine,
His blood shall flow—revenge is mine!

[*Exit* ALFIO.

(*The stage remains for a short time empty. Then the Villagers come out of the Church.* LUCIA *crosses the stage and enters her cottage.*)

CHORUS OF VILLAGERS.

Now homeward, now homeward returning,
Sing we a merry lay,
Ah, happy Easter-day; bright happy Easter-day!
Homeward away! away!

TURIDDU (*a Lola che s'avvia*).

Comare Lola, ve ne andate via
senza nemmeno salutare?

LOLA.

Vado
a casa: non ho visto compar Alfio!

TURIDDU.

Non ci pensate, verrà in piazza. (*al Coro*) Intanto amici, qua, beviamone un bicchiere.

(*tutti si avvicinano alla tavola dell'osteria e prendono i bicchieri*)

TURIDDU.

Viva il vino spumeggiante
nel bicchiere scintillante
come il riso dell'amante
mite infonde il giubilo!
Viva il vino ch'è sincero,
che ci allieta ogni pensiero,
e che annega l'umor nero
nell'ebbrezza tenera.

CORO.

Viva il vino spumeggiante, ecc. ecc.
(*si ripete il brindisi*)

TURIDDU (*a Lola*).

A vostri amori! (*beve*)

LOLA (*a Turiddu*).

Alla fortuna vostra (*beve*)

TURIDDU.

Beviam

TURIDDU (*to* LOLA, *who is leaving*).

Sweet Mistress Lola, wherefore wilt thou leave us
Without one little word of greeting?

LOLA.

I must not linger.
My husband is waiting!

TURIDDU.

Ah, what of that, dear? He will return soon.
(*To the Villagers.*)
Then come, my friends, I say,
And drink a cup to-day.
(*Filling and lifting a cup of wine.*)
See the merry wine is winking,
See the bubbles brightly blinking,
Then, comrades, let's be drinking,
With a merry roundelay!
Here's the friend that will not sever,
Here's the love that loves for ever,
Here's the wine that fails us never,
Fill, then, high, and drink away!
Viva! drink! and join the chorus,
Though to-morrow darken o'er us,
What care we what lies before us,
While we've wine to quaff to-day!

CHORUS.

Viva! viva!
See the merry wine is winking, &c., &c.

TURIDDU (*to* LOLA).

To your heart's dearest! (*Drinks.*)

LOLA (*to* TURIDDU).

To your long life and fortune! (*Drinks.*)

CORO.

Beviam ! Rinnovisi la giostra !
Viva il vino spumeggiante...ecc. ecc.

SCENA X.

Alfio *e* Detti.

ALFIO.

A voi tutti salute !

CORO.

Compar Alfio, salute !

CHORUS.

Drink on! Drink on!
Fill high, fill high your flagons.
Merrily the wine is winking!
&c. &c. &c.

Enter ALFIO.

ALFIO.

My friends, I salute you!

ALL.

You are welcome, Alfio.

TURIDDU.

Benvenuto! con noi dovete bere:
(*empie un bicchiere*)
ecco, pieno è il bicchiere.

ALFIO (*respingendolo*).

Grazie. Ma il vostro vino io non l'accetto:
diverrebbe veleno entro il mio petto!

TURIDDU (*getta il vino*).

A piacer vostro!

LOLA.

Ahimè! che mai sarà?

ALCUNE DONNE (*a Lola*).

Comare Lola, andiamo via di qua.
(*tutte le donne escono conducendo Lola*)

TURIDDU.

Avete altro da dirmi?

ALFIO.

Io, nulla!

TURIDDU.

Allora
sono agli ordini vostri.

ALFIO.

Or ora!

TURIDDU.

Or ora!
(*Alfiio e Turiddu si abbracciano. – Turiddu morde l'orecchio destro di Alfio.*)

TURIDDU.

You are welcome. Let's drink a cup together.
Come, then, here is the goblet. (*Fills a cup.*)

ALFIO.

Thank you. The wine you give, I cannot drink :
There is poison within it.

TURIDDU.

'Tis as you please (*throwing the wine on the ground*).

LOLA (*aside*).

Ah! God, what woe is nigh!

WOMEN (*whispering together and then appproaching* LOLA).

Come, Mistress Lola, this is no place for thee.
(*The women lead* LOLA *out.*)

TURIDDU (*to* ALFIO).

Have you then something to tell me?

ALFIO.

I?—Nothing!

TURIDDU.

I'm waiting! At your service, Alfio.

ALFIO.

You say so?

TURIDDU.

I say so.

(ALFIO *and* TURIDDU *embrace.* TURIDDU *bites* ALFIO'S *right ear, as a challenge.*)

ALFIO.

Compar Turiddu, avete morso a buono...
(*con intenzione*)
c' intenderemo bene, a quel che pare!

TURIDDU.

Compar Alfio, lo so che il torto è mio;
e ve lo giuro nel nome di Dio
che al par d'un cane mi farei sgozzar;
ma... s'io non vivo, resta abbandonata...
povera Santa!... lei che mi s' è data...
vi saprò in core il ferro mio piantar!

ALFIO (*freddamente*).

Compare, fate come più vi piace;
io v'aspetto qui fuori, dietro l'orto.

(*esce*)

SCENA XI.

Lucia *e* DETTI, *meno* **Alfio.**

TURIDDU.

Mamma, quel vino è generoso, e certo
oggi troppi bicchier ne ho tracannato...
vado fuori all'aperto...
Ma prima voglio che mi benedite
come quel giorno che partii soldato...
e poi... mamma... sentite...
s'io... non tornassi... voi dovrete fare
da madre a Santa, ch'io le avea giurato
di condurla all'altare.—

LUCIA.

Perchè parl così, figliuolo mio?

ALFIO.

Master Turiddu, I accept your challenge.
So be it then. We understand each other.

TURIDDU.

Master Alfio, I know that I have wronged thee;
But blame not Lola. By Heaven above thee,
I swear the fault was mine alone.
But if you kill me, who will care for Santa,
Lonely and deserted? Who will protect her?
Ah, that I had loved her! Ah, poor Santa!
(*Suddenly changing his tone.*)
Come then, let's try whose knife is longest!

ALFIO.

I'm ready. Let him win whose arm is strongest.
I await you yonder in the garden.

[*Exit*

TURIDDU (*calling*).

Mother!

Enter LUCIA.

Mother, the red wine burns me like fire!
Why did I drink it? It burns me!
Let me go. Do not keep me.
But ere I leave you, bless me, O my mother,
As once you blessed me when I went to battle.
Yet one thing, mother, promise me:
If I return not, mother, for ever,
Guard my poor Santuzza, and be to her a mother;
Santa—whom I deserted. She has no one beside thee
Guard her, O my mother!—my poor Santuzza!

LUCIA.

Why say you this, my son? Alas, what mean you?

TURIDDU.

Oh! nulla!... È il vino che mi ha suggerito!
Per me pregate Iddio! —
Un bacio, mamma... un altro bacio... addio!
(*l'abbraccia ed esce precipitosamente*)

SCENA XII.

Lucia, Santuzza e Detti.

LUCIA (*disperata correndo in fondo*).
Oh Turiddu?! che vuoi dire?
(*entra Santuzza*)
Santuzza!...

SANTUZZA (*getta le braccia al collo di Lucia*).
Oh! madre mia!...
(*si sente un mormorio lontano*)

DONNE (*correndo*).
Hanno ammazzato compare Turiddu!...
(*tutti gettano un grido*)

(*Cala precipitosamente il sipario*).

TURIDDU.

Nay, mother, 'tis nothing. I was only dreaming.
Be not afraid, sweet mother; but pray for me to Heaven;
Farewell—one kiss, dear mother—only once more,
Farewell, farewell!

[*Exit hastily.*

LUCIA (*rushing after him*).

Turiddu! where go you?
Turiddu!

(*To* SANTUZZA, *who enters.*)

Santuzza!

SANTUZZA.

Ah, dearest mother!

(*Throws herself in* LUCIA'S *arms. The stage is filled with a crowd of people. All look frightened, and question each other. Confused sounds from without.*)

A woman's voice.

Turiddu is killed! Turiddu is killed!

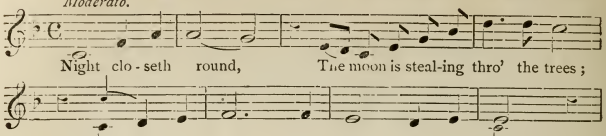
(SANTUZZA *and* LUCIA *fall senseless. The women surround them, and the curtain falls quickly.*)

Adelaide Schönberg's
MOST SUCCESSFUL SONGS.

Peace and Rest.

WORDS BY
ELIZA LAKE.

Moderato.



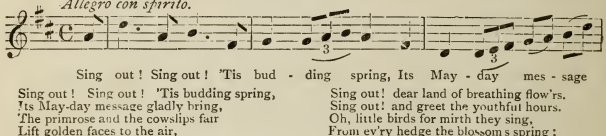
Night closeth round,
The moon is stealing thro' the trees;
There is no sound
Save sighs of the breeze.
Oh Lord! to Thee my soul is calling,
I implore Thy aid
To keep my spirit from falling,
Let my soul commune with Thee,
For there is peace and rest.

Evening Telegraph.—"A devotional song of great beauty."
Jewish Chronicle.—"Very melodious and well written."

Spring Song.

WORD BY
ARMEL O'CONNOR.

Allegro con spirito.



Sing out! Sing out! 'Tis budding spring,
Its May-day message gladly bring,
The primrose and the cowslips fair
Lift golden faces to the air,
The harebells ring their fairy chime
With a quaint and sylvan rhyme.

Sing out! dear land of breathing flow'rs,
Sing out! and greet the youthful hours.
Oh, little birds for mirth they sing,
From ev'ry hedge the blossoms spring;
The streamlet flows from fountain fell
To ripple laughter through the dell.

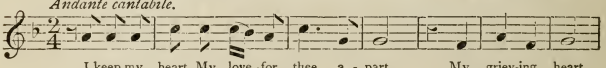
The heart of ev'ry maid and boy
Is throbbing with this new-born joy;
There echoes through the blue above
The springtide song of glad young love.
Sing out! dear land of breathing flow'rs.
Sing out! dear land. Sing out! Sing out!

Musical Opinion.—"The composer scored a success with it."
Evening Telegraph.—"Decidedly clever."
Jewish Chronicle.—"Very melodious and well written."

Remembrance.

WORDS BY
ARMEL O'CONNOR.

Andante cantabile.



I keep my heart,
My love, for thee apart,
My grieving heart!
Yet will I not despair,
For thou wert oh! so fair.

I see thine eyes
Still in the even skies,
Those tender eyes!
And dream—and ever wait
To be with thee, my fate.

Shall I regret
Those days when first we met?
Shall I forget?
No, rather will I now
Remembrance of thee vow!

E. ASCHERBERG & CO., 46, Berners Street, London, W.

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THE GREEN LINNET.

WORDS BY
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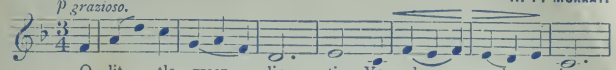
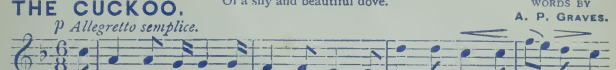

O, little green lintie, you dance and you sing,
With your bonnie wee head on one side,
And a flirt of your bonnie wee wing.

There's many a dapper young robin
And big speckled thrush that would die
For a turn of your bonnie wee head,
And a glance of your bonnie bright eye.

With pleasure I watch you
But never a thought of love;
My heart is safe in the keeping
Of a shy and beautiful dove.

THE CUCKOO.

WORDS BY
A. P. GRAVES.

Cuckoo! my bonny cuckoo, come, whisper true!
Around the woods I'd rove with you;
Until the next spring I'd still my cuckoo would
sweetly sing,
"Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"

The ash and the hazel shall mourning say,
"Oh, merry cuckoo, don't fly away!
The winter is rude and keen;
Oh, cuckoo, stay and keep us green!
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Oh, stay! oh, stay!
And make the season for ever May!"

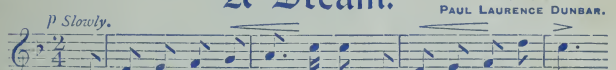
The thrush and the robin shall sadly cry,
"Our bonny cuckoo, oh, do not fly!
For when you spread your speckled wing,
We have no longer heart to sing.
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! still lead our tune,
And make the season for ever June!"

The lads and lasses together stand,
And call their cuckoo from off the strand,
"How can you leave us, birds of love,
With the green below and the blue above?
Oh, no! oh, no! you shall not go,
With the blue above and the green below!"
Cuckoo!

Musical Opinion.—"A brace of engaging songs of the gifted composer."
Evening Telegraph.—"Two delightful little songs."
Jewish Chronicle.—"Fine songs which are sure of popularity."

A Dream.

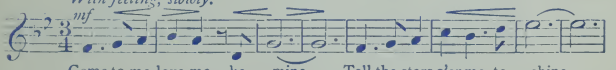
WORDS BY
PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.



If life were but a dream, my love,
And death the waking time;
If day had not a beam, my love,
And night had not a rhyme,
A barren, barren world were this
Without one saving gleam;
I'd only ask that with a kiss
You'd wake me from that dream.

If dreaming were the sum of days,
And loving were the bane;
If battling for a wreath of bays
Could soothe a heart in pain;
I'd scorn the need of battle's might,
All other aims above,
I'd take the human's higher right,
To suffer and to love.

Come to me.

WORDS BY
CLIFTON BINGHAM.

What is this world without thee?
Empty of all things to me;
Desolate, lonely, and drear,
Every brief day seems a year!
Gardens where blossom no flowers,
Days full of shadowful hours;
Silence where music should be,
That is the world without thee!

Come to me, love me, be mine,
Tell the stars o'er me to shine;
Banish the longing and pain,
Make the world bright once again!
Then shall the darkness have flown,
Then will I love thee alone,
Love thee though all else depart,
Shrined in the heart of my heart.

What were my life without thee?
Dark as existence can be;
Sad with a sorrow unknown,
Ever and ever lone!
Empty of hope, of trust,
Joy but a dream in the dust—
Nought to my heart or to me,
That were my life without thee.
Come to me, &c.

Musical Opinion.—"A taking and expressive love song."
Evening Telegraph.—"A graceful song pervaded by a captivating melody."
Jewish Chronicle.—"A fine song—sure of popularity."

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JOAN OF ARC - - - *Gaiety Burlesque* Osmond Carr	**FAUST UP TO DATE** - *Gaiety Burlesque* Meyer Lutz	**BLUE-EYED SUSAN** - *Comic Opera* Osmond Carr	**MISS DECIMA** - - - *Comic Opera* E. Audran
LITTLE HANS ANDERSEN - - - - - - *A Fairy Play* Walter Slaughter	**A PANTOMIME REHEARSAL** - - - - - - *Musical Comedy* Cecil Clay	**SCARAMOUCHE** - - - *Grand Ballet* Messager and Street	**CÉCILE** - - - - - *Grand Ballet* Leopold Wenzel
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS - - - - - - - - *Musical Extravaganza* Walter Slaughter	**LORD TOM NODDY** - *Musical Comedy* Osmond Carr	**LISCHEN AND FRITZCHEN** - - - - - - *Operetta* Offenbach	**PENELOPE** - - - - *Operetta* Edward Solomon
SANTA CLAUS, Jr. - *An original Musical Extravaganza.* Jakobowski, Shepherd, and Wilson	**A CAPITAL JOKE** - - *Operetta* Landon Ronald	**HIS LAST CHANCE** - *Operetta in 1 Act* Ethel Harraden	**THE TELEPHONE GIRL** *Musical Comedy* Serpette and Glover

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